

## EIGHT

My mom is a writer, so I learned the power of language early in life. I began to write short stories when I was six years old, and continued to do so until I was fifteen.

That's when I started writing newsletters, because I realized that my writing could serve some greater purpose other than entertainment. Ever since then, I've always tried to help people by writing about the social ills I see around me.

There is so much injustice at CU, and it comes in so many different forms. I never know what I'm going to write about next. One day it's racism, another day it's sexism, and another day it's fat girls.

Today, it's fat girls.

It deeply concerns me when I see a pudgy girl carrying a pile of pizza back to her seat. And then when she goes and gets a big soggy piece of cake for dessert, it makes me want to throw up. Which is what *she* should be doing.

I know a lot of people frown on this practice because they see it as self-destructive, but what harm does it really do? If a girl needs to bring her food back up in order to stay trim, why does everyone try to stop her? It's her body—her choice.

\_\_\_\_\_ You know what's even worse than watching a fat girl eat, though? Watching skinny girls eat hamburgers and pasta and stuff. I can't stand it, it's so much worse for some reason.

It's like, if a fat girl is eating a lot, it's the same as wrecking a car that's already pretty beat up to begin with. But when a nice bony girl starts eating rice when she should be eating salad, it's like pissing in the gas tank of a brand new Ferrari.

You can see these women at their saddest in the rec center. I go there a lot. Sometimes it's to work out, but usually it's to take a look at what's on the elliptical machines and do a little window shopping. The idea is to get myself hard, but more often than not the trip ends with me snickering under my breath at all of the blubbery whales trying to sweat themselves thin.

The most pathetic part is that they only work out for an hour or two at a time.

Please, if your belly is still sticking out between your tank top and your sweatpants, stay on the treadmill.

Guys aren't really helping things either. Their standards are way too low. I see guys walking around holding hands with girls that weigh 110, 120 pounds. Not cool. We need to work together to let fat girls know that they need to shape up, or ship out.

I know it's tempting at our age to just have sex with anything that moves, but if a girl is coming onto you wearing size 3 clothing, don't do it. If she keeps pushing, tell her that no means *no*.

Trust me, we'll see some results once these snackophiles realize that if they don't lose weight, they might as well start using their vaginas as coin purses.

And although the other men around here might be weak-willed, don't expect to get a date with me if you're putting dressing on your salads and scarfing them down like a garbage disposal.

And, yes, as picky as I am, I *do* go on dates. In fact, I've had a long string of happy, loving relationships, with beautiful thin girls.

Of course, when it's your own girlfriend who has the weight problem, you have to encourage her to lose weight using more subtle means.

For example, try frowning every time she takes a bite of food, or, point out skinny girls and say, "Isn't she pretty? Gosh she's pretty."

You can never just come straight out and tell your girlfriend how fat she is. If you do, her friends will probably say something stupid like, "stop trying to make her anorexic."

People talk about anorexia like it's a *bad* thing. They even refer to it as a "disease." And why? Because it has a scary, alien-sounding name? Why not call it *Beauty*? Or *Self-Control*?

How many other "diseases" have upsides to them?

Not many, but anorexia and bulimia have plenty:

Anorexia will help you to lose weight a heck of a lot faster than any diet. It also saves money. It *also* saves you the trouble of having to deal with your Monthly Mess.

I shouldn't even have to explain the benefits of bulimia. Imagine yourself, or your loved ones, curled up on a comfy bathroom floor and shaking while your pale, sweaty chest heaves with each stinging, vomity breath. What's not to like?

Uh-oh, now I'm getting turned on.

There are so many self-righteous morons who prance around high schools and colleges flapping their gelatinous double-chins about how girls won't eat because they hate themselves. That's a load of crap—they've got it totally backwards. Girls hate themselves with good reason: they're still eating too much.

Young women are told that they're fat and ugly by the media already, but the message is obviously not clear enough.

Perhaps organizations within the university could step up to the plate and help spread the word.

For example, the Women's Resource Center could offer free body evaluations and

ippecac, the UMC Dominoes could stop serving women altogether, and the Women's Studies Cottage could become the Women's Studies Liposuction Clinic. Those "self-respecting" girls could use the extra help.

Of course, the University can't solve the obesity problem on its own. Parents need to start taking responsibility, too. All too often I hear people telling their daughters "You don't have to be perfect," and, "You'll always be our daughter, no matter what." It's comments like these that make girls fat.

When I have a daughter, I'm going to name her Skinny and bring her to Central America so she gets intestinal parasites.

Everyone should do their part in debunking the 2000 calorie myth. I mean, there are still girls at CU *today* who honestly believe that it's attractive to be "curvy," or, "womanly."

It's not. When I have sex, I like to feel like I'm thrusting into a woman, not diving into a hot tub. If I don't hear bones breaking, I can't come.

I know a lot of girls have made New Years' resolutions to lose weight, and I think that's great. But talk is cheap. If you're reading this in the UMC food-court, take the first step right now.

Stop eating.

## THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

*1. Have you ever heard James Bond say, "I'm offended"? No. Malcolm X? No. Me? No.*

*2. It's true, I do hate women, but only because I empathize with them. Because it rips me up inside to see how hard their lives are. I do what I do out of love and respect.*

*3. Now what's a guy gotta do to get some hole around here?*

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QUESTIONS OR COMMENTS?

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